



INSTRUMENTAL EDITION AND VOCAL EDITION

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LIUST-HAVES LIQUEURS

BY HIGH PRIESTESS PEGGY NADRAMIA

A true gentleman Devil always offers a lady "a little something" after a meal, and before you get too excited, I'm talking about booze. And what better time of the year than Valentine's Day to stock your bar with a little "loosening lube."

It's quite traditional and very seductive to move gently from a delicious dinner or lazy lunch via a postprandial tipple or digestif. The choices in this category are endless but one of the best is a simple liqueur served in a pretty glass. With several of these on hand, the wily Warlock can count another tool in his arsenal, one that both charms and relaxes the target of his affections.

Think of liqueurs as a bevy of babes: they're varied, in lots of pretty colors, sweet, and soft — they have a lower alcohol content than that glass of bourbon you're holding. Liqueurs are composed of a base alcohol to which sugar has been added, along with every flavoring agent under the sun: fruit, herbs, coffee, chocolate, even flowers. When choosing a liqueur for your shelf of seduction, it's best to go for those with an interesting color and distinctive fragrance.

Here are *Old Nick*'s suggestions to get you started:



Creme Yvette - a purple con-

coction made from berries and violet petals. What woman could resist such a magical appearance and fragrance? It has the additional allure of being out of production for decades until it was

resurrected recently, and comes in a beautiful bottle.

Strega - yes, that's Italian for

"witch," but this pale yellow liquid has a bright, sunny herbal flavor that reminds one of meadows and if I dare -- a roll in the hay?







Amarula - it looks like Bailey's but is lighter and based on an African fruit favored by elephants. The flavor

is reminiscent of fruity tea and lacks the heavy booziness of most cream liqueurs. Exotic...



- standing tall on your bar in a magnificent bottle,



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DEPARTMENTS

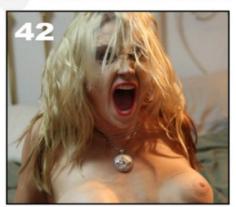
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A Real *Old Nick* Experience

Old Nick found Church
of Satan member
Stone Perez during
some needed massage
therapy and realized
our readers would love
to see her in all of her
natural beauty.

The independent licensed massage therapist from Arizona says she read "The Satanic Bible' at the tender age of 10! "I didn't come from a religious family at all. I would read the Bible and have Jehovah's Witness people come pick me up so I can learn about other

"Stome" Cold Satanist























WINE, WOMEN, SONG

DIABOLIC MUSIC

BRIMSTONE COVEN – Black Magic

Review by Zoth Ommog

With the popularity of retro influenced music making its way into taken their 1960s era sound to the next level by incorporating three-part vocal harmonies as a part of their signature sound. Complete with songs about the Devil and witchcraft, Brimstone Coven's new album entitled "Black Magic" has all of the elements of an instant classic.

that had always stood out to me and I knew that at some point, I wanted to use it for a band or project. With all of those ingredients stirring around my mind, Brimstone Coven was born."

If you love bands like Black Sabbath, Pentagram, and Led Zeppelin, definitely check out Brimstone Coven's new album "Black Magic". For more info, go to: http://www.metalblade.com/brimstonecoven

TRACKLISTING:

- 1- Black Magic
- 2- Black Unicorn
- 3- Beyond the Astral
- 4- As We Fall
- 5- Upon the Mountain
- 6- Slow Death
- 7- The Seers
- 8- The Plague
- 9- Forsaken
- 10- The Eldest Tree

DLACK CONSTRUCTION

the mainstream now-a-days, it's no surprise that a band like Brimstone Coven has chosen to draw inspiration from the 1960s occult and music scene. Playing on vintage instruments and composing riffs with that Black Sabbath-style groove, this four-piece from West Virginia has

"When the idea for this band crept into my thoughts," says guitarist/mastermind Corey Roth, "I knew that it needed to have that late '60s/early '70s, sound mixed with a creepy/witchy vibe that those years had going on. The brimstone, sulfur or 'leviathan cross' was a symbol

MESSE NOIR - Fléau

Throughout the ages, man has viewed the Messe Noir, or Black Mass, as the inversion of the Catholic Mass performed by devil worshippers at the Witches Sabbath. We Satanists know that rite is more than just a mere inversion mass. The Messe Noir can be an empowering psychodrama with therapeutic benefits. It is through the role-play of the Black Mass that the participants can delve into their inner mental processes and unlock uncanny unconscious abilities.

I believe the very talented dark composer Valentin Schwarz has tapped into those inner mental processes and has created the ultimate sonic experience to accompany such a psychodrama. His latest release "MESSE NOIR - Fléau" is perfectly suited for deep meditations utilizing both its atmospheric effects and droning keyboard sounds to transport you into a medieval time when such blasphemous ceremonies took place. Valentin captures your attention from the opening and keeps your senses heightened throughout, building tension as you

after one sampling of "MESSE NOIR – Fléau", you too will have your favorite transcendental track.

For more information on how to get a copy of "MESSE NOIR - Fléau", go to: http://www.valentinschwarz.ch/ or write to: valentin.schwarz@gmx.ch



- 1- Invitation
- 2- Féte
- 3- Messe
- 4- Fléau
- 5- Mantra
- 6- Belzébuth
- 7- Possédés

VAPE 'EM IF YA GOT 'EM

There was once a time when it was commonplace to be offered a cigarette

in someone's home, much like one would offer you a drink now days. Many times a TV program from the 1950's would show cigarettes kept in a box on the coffee table readily available for guests. But those days are long gone. Although there is a downside to smoking, as all compulsions (use moderation!), there is a new trend on the horizon, one that is quickly becoming the replacement of the cigarette. Behold Electronic Cigarettes, Vape Pens, and Vape Mods.

Electronic cigarettes first appeared in 2004 as an alternative means to quitting cigarettes. As more and more people began making the switch over to the device, engineers figured out ways to create devices that could be refilled and produce more vapor. Enter the Vape Pens. The term "vape," or "vaping" means to inhale and exhale the vapor produced by an electronic cigarette or similar device. The electronic cigarettes are limited in the amount of vapor they produce and in the fact that the flavors available are few. Refillable devices like Vape Pens use E-liquid that is available in



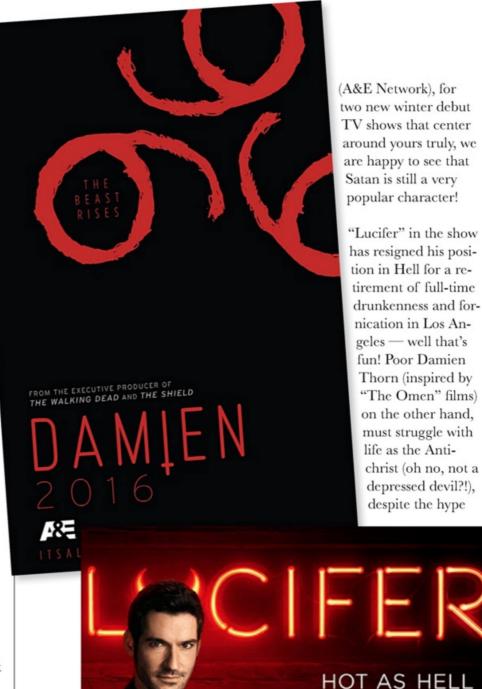
travel from track to track. The elements of water and wind are prevalent on this CD and set the foundation for Schwarz's unique musical talent. My favorite track "Mantra" incorporates a haunting theme played on a grand piano coupled with the creaking sound of wood, creating an incredibly inauspicious atmosphere. There are many ominous melodies found throughout this CD, and I'm sure



multiple flavors that come in various strengths of tobacco. So ideally, a person could wean themselves off the addictive chemicals in nicotine using one of these devices.

As the popularity of vaping continues to grow, manufacturers continue to develop Vape Mods that are customizable to the individual's desires. Now, not only could a person choose the shape, size and color of their unit, but now features like battery life, airflow, atomizers, and coils could all be modified as well. Even more interesting is the recent growth of Vape shops and Vape lounges springing up all over the world. Here, Vape enthusiasts can try the newest flavors, see demonstrations of the latest modifications, and converse with other Vape enthusiasts about their devices. These places are the modern equivalents of the Hookah Lounges.

Most people who vape will tell you that vapor is harmless and is the safer alternative to cigarette smoke. The reality is that there really hasn't been enough scientific research to prove or disprove this hypothesis. While the ingredients used to create the various flavors for the E-liquids are known, little is known what effects prolonged exposure to these substances in vaporized form can cause on the human body. Ultimately, vapor enthusiasts are this generation's guinea pigs. Hopefully in another dozen years or so, data on what truly vaping does to people may be conclusive? Until then... smoke 'em if ya got 'em!



ALL IN THE SATANIC FAM-ILY! LUCIFER & DAMIEN ON PRIMETIME TV

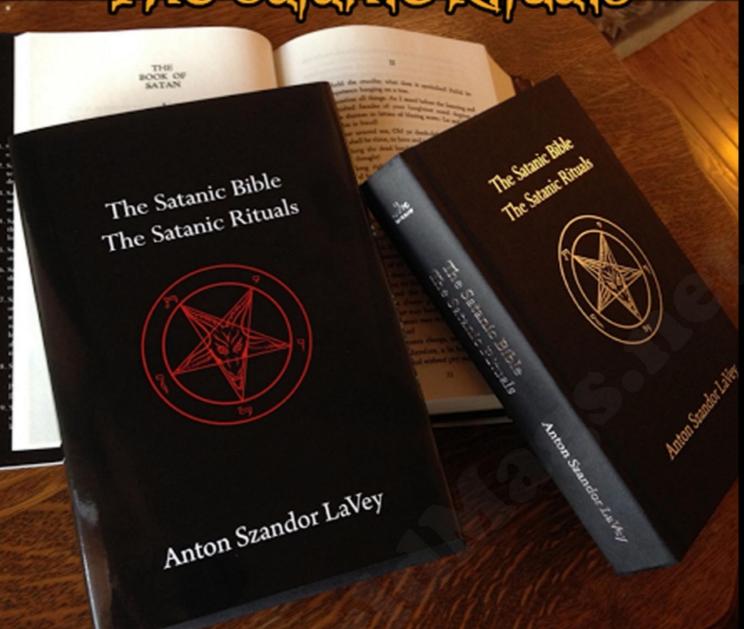
Well *Old Nick* doesn't have a lot of hope about the authenticity or the dramatic value of "Lucifer" (loosely based on the comic book series for FOX TV) or "Damien" that announces "The Beast Rises." We'll just have to see if these shows are worth missing out on real hell raising?

"Lucifer" premieres on January 25 at 8 p.m.

The 10-episode "Damien" debuts on March 7.



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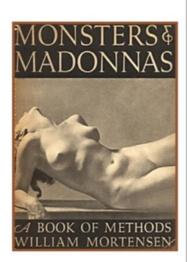


NIGHT GALLERY

William Mortensen

The Antichrist of 20th Century Photography

Often referred to as the "antichrist of early 20th century photography," William Mortensen's radical photo techniques and "Command to Look" method for controlling the human gaze ushered in a new way of viewing imagery and personal interaction

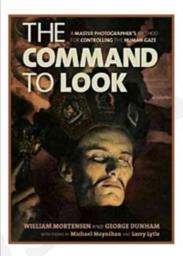


Mortensen's work had a distinct influence on Anton Szandor LaVey and the Church of Satan as is evident in LaVey's writing on "sex, sentiment and wonder" — LaVey's formula for

bewitching another person. It also influenced LaVey's "Law of the Forbidden."

Mortensen's works during the '30's and '40's contain a mix of violence, nudity, and the occult including impending murder, sensual witches on brooms, and many por-





traits of young, nude women using their own "commands to look" in seducing the camera.

Although a Hollywood darling, shooting portraits of top stars includ-

ing King Kong star Fay Wray and sexpot Jean Harlow, Mortensen is best known for his more daring bizarre and erotic work. He often had access to the landmark Western Costume Company, which granted him access to a trove of costumes and props in which to create his unique and often disturbing photographic masterpieces.

Mortensen's "American Grotesque," and "The Command to Look" (with Satanic essays) are available from FeralHouse.com.











FICTION

Follow the Falcon

by Pagan Slut

Hi, it's been long time."

Yes, I actually didn't think you would really remember me.

"How could I forget...we got interrupted."

Interestingly enough, someone I didn't know very well remembered details of our first meeting. It had been close to 25 years since I met him. I recall being intrigued by him. Not much conversation was had, no action either. Just a bit of a hang and then his girlfriend at the time surprised showed up. I could see he wanted to continue our conversation but I extended my hand to her, introduced myself and went back to my pack of friends. Just wasn't meant to be.

I was 19 years old. I don't think I really knew what chemistry was or if my smile when talking to him was just me being polite or a reaction to him. It is good when one is young and dumb. No over analyzing, just move onto the next. I had a long-term boyfriend and was a freshman in college; there was no time but to remember I met someone; that may linger in my brain over time.

Fast forward to the well-adjusted sexual Goddess I have become. It was Wednesday night and there was a small concert. A crowd of mostly familiar faces from my past, some a bit changed by age but



recognizable. In an effort to cram my ID back into my pocket some dollar bills made their way onto the floor. I bent down to pick them up, on my way up my lips pointing upward I once again didn't realize how close some dude was to me. Mouth open, the very tips of his Black straight hair ended up on my mouth. Having a bit of gloss on my lips his hair got glazed and stuck to my lips. Fantastic. I got up quickly and he must have felt a bit of a tug on his hair. He turned

around with an angry grimace. So gracefully, I pushed his hair out of my face. The gloss covered tips of hair then hung down. I looked at him.

Sorry, my money dropped and I bent down...sorry.

His grimace turned to a smile. A smile that I assumed was a polite way to acknowledge me as a klutz.

"Wow, don't you remember me?," he said

I looked at his face.

Yes, we got interrupted. Then I smiled.

Chemistry, in an instant. My pussy hole immediately got wet and then tightened up; as if it was saving up her juices for later.

The show wasn't in any way near finished but I was about to restart something that was done being interrupted.

"Follow me"

He walked me outside to the parking lot. "Where is your car?"

Over there, but where are we going?

I was a bit confused if this is how you

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What happens when two seductive sirens from *Old Nick's* Nunnery for Naughty Girls want to play a little rough? Well they put on their best kink wear and take photos of course! And we couldn't be happier! Especially when the young girls show us just how lusty they can be.



Double, Double, Yes, They're Trouble! Temptresses Yhivi & Kasey





It doesn't take long for Yhivi to take control of Kasey, demanding that the sweet girl kiss and lick her most private parts. Her rough tongue on Yhivi's smooth skin is enough to enflame all of her mistress's hidden desires.





Kasey's pouty pussy becomes wet when Yhivi takes her whip to her pale skin and slim body. She cracks the crop on her slave's most delicate parts raising crimson bites and stirring her most inner juices. Every inch of Kasey is on fire. And that's the way *Old Nick* likes his nasty nuns!









A SULTRY LOOK AT THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

BY SCARLETT BLACK

GLUTTONY

Injustice is all around us. There is The Gula domain is not one for ascetics. It is a place for the true diabolic; those who choose to engage in the best that life has to offer. Stimudemanding a better quality of nutrients and taste.

The seven deadly sins, basic human characteristics, help us to find our true path in life. They allow us to navigate all corners of ourselves and

to navigate the world around us and, thus, allow us to design the world in which we thrive. Life is inherently meaningless; it's up to you to add purpose.

Indulgences give us life experience. If we deny ourselves pleasurable experiences, then we are essentially denying ourselves life. Living an abstemious life leads to guilt, dissatisfaction, incompleteness, and, in some cases, physical harm.

Gluttony teaches us to derive pleasure from

the simple things in life. One must feed oneself in order to survive; it is part of our vital existence. There are so many wonderful colors, textures, aromas, and flavors that nourish us, eating is a true celebration! Feasts are often the centerpieces of a celebration, bringing family and friends together. So, while we are nurturing our physical bodies, we are also nurturing our minds and hearts.

Gluttony is also represented in quality rather than quantity. What the mass population sustains on will not do for the devilish. Caring and thinking about the fuel you put into your body is often discouraged in today's fast paced society; however, taking the time to truly educate yourself on what you are consuming makes you a better weapon against the mindless.

Indulgence, of course, is not limited to food. Every thing can be an indulgence: shoes, cars, literature, beauty, etcetera...Allow yourself those little pieces of happiness in order to balance your life. Find what you enjoy and embrace it. Just remember to keep the other seven deadlines in order and you will never suffer from over indulgence.

Celebrate Beelzebub and indulge in your desires!

Miss Scarlett Black is the Siren of Sin, a member of the Church of Satan, an erotic burlesque performer, and holds her M.A. in Philosophy & Religion. Visit Scarlett at MissScarlettBlack.net.



late the palate rather than simply satiate hunger pangs! Demanding a better quality of life also means





OLD NICK 35



















LANCE POLLAND'S
WEREW LVES IN HEAT



With a title like "Werewolves In Heat," we knew we had to get one of the movie's stars, Sarah Vandella to pose for Old Nickin more than just her creature makeup! The adult performer played one of the hottest monsters we've ever seen in the horror/comedy where werewolves plague Death Valley, a small desert town and home of to a local biker gang known as the Legion of Outlaws that traffics drugs, prostitution and the occasional werewolf attack. Vandella plays the wanton werewolf Freya, and gets to taste the flesh of a number of local nerds who stumble upon the den of dark dolls. So dear readers, here's your chance to see the lovely Vandella in ... and out of her makeup, and clothes! Howl like you mean it! WorldMags.net













FICTION

Continued from page 21

begin a great night or if was just the beginning of a really weird one.

"Just follow me, nobody is getting in our way tonight."

Both in our own separate cars I followed him back to his house. The ride was a bit anxious. I couldn't even smoke my cigarette. I was a bit nervous truthfully. I didn't fear for my safety or anything nefarious happening. I did not want to be disappointed. So many men imply or talk a smooth game, and then the experience turns out to be weak and more about ego feeding. I wasn't interested if this was going to be a session about how amazing he thought he was.

We parked.

He got out of his car.

"Follow me."

I did. Up a stone path. Through his front door. Through his living room. Running through my mind were thoughts of how a woman prepares for an intimate encounter. Maybe shaving a bit, maybe extra lotion. Yeah, I did none of that. I was freshly showered and smelling delicious of Clove as I normally did. No extra special preparations were made prior in the evening. I thought, who cares it's not like I am going to have a wild sexual adventure.

He led me up his stairs to his bedroom.

"Follow me."

Along the stairs were all these falcon statues.

We passed a room that looked very interesting.

What's in here, I said

"That is my workroom. I find, clean and

research historical artifacts."

Along the walls were all of these hooks with brushes and tools. Jewelry, bowls, metal pieces lay on several large butcher-block tables. A beautiful footstool with a half rotten embroidered pillow top was against one of the walls.

Wow, is this what you do for work?

"No. It's just a hobby."

I turned my back to him and looked on the wall at all of the tools hanging. There were hooks at all different levels. Big almost the size of meat hooks. I then



focused my attention on the beautiful decrypted footstool. With my back still facing him, I could feel him staring at me. I bent down to touch the stitches in the half rotted embroidery. I felt my loose shirt rise. His hand exposed my side. I felt his fingers trace the outline of my tattoo. As his hand got to know my skin he let out a groan. I wasn't sure if it was my skin, my artwork, or my physical reaction

that made him emit sound. I didn't care, either. It felt good. To receive a confident touch and to be completely comfortable and safe with someone I didn't know was ecstasy.

I turned around with all intentions of telling him we should probably not go further. I didn't want to tease, but I had relegated myself to not getting sexual for sex sake. I didn't want a relationship either. I had become comfortable with being with myself long ago. Recently, it had become clear to me that the kind of sex I would welcome into my life would be deep and spiritual. Going home with a dude that I knew for a minute 25 years

ago had shallow and possibly quick written all over it. I looked at him. His eyes were full of lust. No sex, I said.

"Ok, but I want to touch you."

Touching seemed to be giving me all I needed, so I nodded my head in consent.

I sat down on the footstool. My legs open wide. My back against the wall. His hands gripped my skin as if he had been deprived of flesh. He went for my neck. Licking and sucking with primal passion but not going too far. This left me in a state of beyond arousal. I could feel myself gyrating slowly. Behind my ear he feasted on me. My hands went up over my head. That was my white flag. At that moment I surrendered my body to him.

"Undress for me."

I took off my clothes. He examined my every move and my every soft curve. I sat back down in the footstool and spread my legs open. With him, still fully clothed and staring at me I opened my pussy lips. My index finger naturally went to my warm clit. I put my head

Continued on page 58

pas a little heart on Old Nick is excited about Valentine's Day simply because it gives us an excuse to see our favorite girls don themselves in their sexiest lingerie for a night of unbridled passion and lust! Just the way we like it.







And we never get tired of discovering Jezebel's natural, luscious curves. The salty girl never disappoints! She uses every inch of her supple, ripe body to please her lovers in every way she can imagine.









This special day Jezebel has some surprises in store. As you can see, she's adorned her pulchritude with her skimpy, satiny heart under things to get us in the mood. It really wasn't necessary. We'd get deep into Jezebel no matter what she was wearing!







VICES

Continued from page 5

this French liqueur is the height of sophistication. It's made from elderflowers that are harvested and transported on bicycles to the distillery. It's sweet, floral and has hints of passion fruit. You can even slip a little into her champagne...

Other standbys of the liqueur shelf include Kahlua, whose coffee flavor is always welcome at the end of a meal, Grand Marnier, an orange brandy-based liqueur that never goes out of style, and Amaretto, which I consider a dessert in a glass. (While DiSaronno is the popular favorite, I recommend Luxardo.)



In any and every case, serve your choice of Love Potion in a beautiful little stem glass and watch her eyes light up as she wonders at the mysterious elixir that is about to pass her lips. Good luck, and hope our little advice works it's magic!

Peggy Nadramia is a master mixologist and founder of CocktailVultures.com



FICTION

Continued from page 50

back and started a session with myself. I massaged and teased all of my wet flesh almost to the point of cumming on his piece of history. I could hear his moaning. He simply watched me be comfortable enough to forget he was even in the room. When he had enough of being a spectator, I saw him go over to the curtains. Walking over to me with curtain stashes in hand I knew that my cum was going to be all over him at the end of the night. He bent down, picked up my foot and guided my toes into his mouth; one by one. When he moved to the other foot I felt a slippery satin noose go around my ankle. And, then the other ankle. He rose and brought my ankles with him. I was so intrigued by the thought of my limber-less body trying to get my legs flush to the wall over my head.

My feet were being hoisted up into the air, like a flag being raised. Curtain sashes around my ankles, like a pulley using the hooks on the wall he positioned me. Every hole was exposed right above the stool my ass was on. I was a turkey ready for stuffing. He just looked at me and the state I was in. My hands free to move I gripped onto my sashes, as if I was on a swing. I stared at him, not anxious and not wanting him to hurry to make his next move. He looked at me like he wasn't quite sure which area to focus his attention on first. My huge tits between my knees made everything up front and center, and completely accessible.

Once he decided where to go I could see the drool form in the corners of his mouth. His eyes stayed on mine as he knelt before me. There was only a pause to look at his meal and then straight away to eating. I could see the way my pussy flesh looked on top of his mouth. There were no short little licks. He was not interested in teasing me. He knew that immediately and deeply sucking on my pussy would be the key to him getting as much of my pussy nectar down his throat. I could feel several different tugs, pulls and sucks at every nerve ending of my clit

and lips. Quite quickly he sucked the cum out of me, literally. This the point at which a good girl returns the favor. Apparently he didn't play the same game as I had been taught.

After my screaming and churning had stopped he raised his head, looked at me, smiled and went back to it. Taking two of his fingers he push them into his cum soaked mouth, turned his palm to the ceiling and looked at my face as he slowly but forcefully looked at my reactive face. Without breaking his stare he said, "God, you are so fucking soft inside."

That alone made me cum. My cum dripping down his hand went right into my mouth. He wasted no time in sucking up the rest around my pussy and asshole. His cock hard as a rock was starting to drip. I wanted so badly to taste him but he gave me no chance. My orgasms were getting him off even more than my mouth sucking out his load. His mouth, fingers and moaning made me deplete every ounce of moisture I had.

Slowly he ran his hands up my legs to my ankles and carefully unhooked me. I couldn't speak or feel my lower half. I got dressed as he kissed any spots of skin that were exposed.

I followed the falcons down the stairs. At the door were a passionate, meaningful embrace and a sweet kiss.

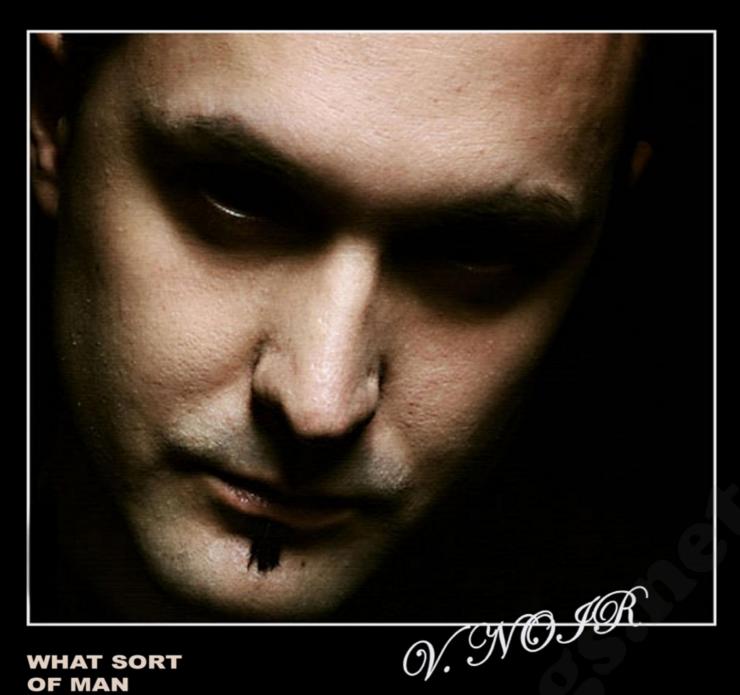
The next day I received communication from my falcon ... "I am completely enchanted with you. I am so thrilled to have finally completed our first encounter (without interruption). If you choose to, I would love to have the honor of making you soak my foot stool again."

Him and his estranged reconciled a week later.

Next Falcon...

The author can be reached at slutpagan@gmail.com





WHAT SORT OF MAN READS **OLD NICK?**

Zürich, Switzerland-native Valentin Schwarz is an undertaker by day and artist and musician by desire, well known for his gloomy sculptures, photo and paintings that have graced galleries, as well as his dark ambient project "Messe Noir" (see this issue's Wine, Women & Song). Schwarz's art-house films have also enlightened many subterranean cinemas all over the world.

The Church of Satan Warlock also acts as a German speaking spokesperson for the Church and is regularly featured in Old Nick. When asked about facing death on a daily basis he says death goes together with life like "salt goes with the soup."

He says of his favorite periodical, "No magazine sparkles more with dark eroticism than Old Nick. It is a pure indulgence for the brain and eyes from the first page right down to the end."

Visit Schwarz at www.valentin-schwarz.ch.

